What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy?
H. Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H. Per. My gracious Lo: I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhal ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle Perſy, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhalbe ſtil thy true loues recompence:
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it,
North. How far is it to Barkly, and what ſtur
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?
H. Per. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkly and Seymor,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.
Nort. Here come the Lords of Roſſe and Willoughby,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues,
A banisht traitour: al my treaſury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inricht,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord
Wil. And far ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?
North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I gueſſe:
Barkly My Lord of Hereford my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my anſwere is to Lancaſter,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,

And I muſt finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Bar. Miſtake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lo. I come, what Lo: you will,
From the moſt ghorious of this land.
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelfe borne armes?
Bul. I ſhal not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in perſon: my noble Vnckle.
Yorke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duetie is deceiueable and falſe.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle.
Yor. Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngratious mouth is but prophane:
Why haue thoſe baniſht and forbidden legs,
Darde once to touch a duſt of Englands ground?
But more than why? why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull boſome,
Friting her pale fac't villadges with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed armes?
Comſt thou becauſe the annointed king is hence?
Why fooliſh boy the King is left behinde,
And in my loial boſome lies his power,
Were I but now Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my ſelfe,
Reſcued the blacke prince that young Mars of men.
From forth the ranckes of many thouſands French.
O then how quickly ſhould this arme of mine
Now priſoner to the Palſie chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!
Bull. My gratious Vnckle let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
Yorke Euen in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe rebellion and deteſted treaſon,
Thou art a baniſht man, and here art come,